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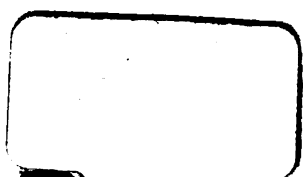
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NBY

W, Wheelwright

[Wheelwright, William Bond]

A HARVARD ALPHABET

The
Verses by

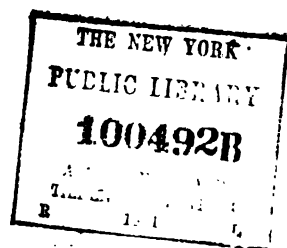
W. B. W. *and* H. W. P.

&
Another

The
Drawings by

J. G. C. *and* R. E.

NEW YORK
W. S. STERLING & CO.
MCM



1461 m 14 Jan 1944

1900

Copyright by
W. S. STERLING & CO.
NEW YORK

To
JOHN HARVARD & SONS
we respectfully dedicate
this book



is our Athlete ;

Long may he wave
O'er the Y and the P
And the bold Carlisle brave.

May he bat, row and run

And play football with zest,
Unless he is floored
By the deadly strength test.



B

is a thing that the Y. M. C. A.

Is shocked to behold in the
night or the day,

And well it may be; 'tis a
boy with a "bun."

Just see, dearest reader, this student has
one.



1951



is our Crackajack College
Crew ;

There's one queer thing
about it,

You can't get on it with a pull,

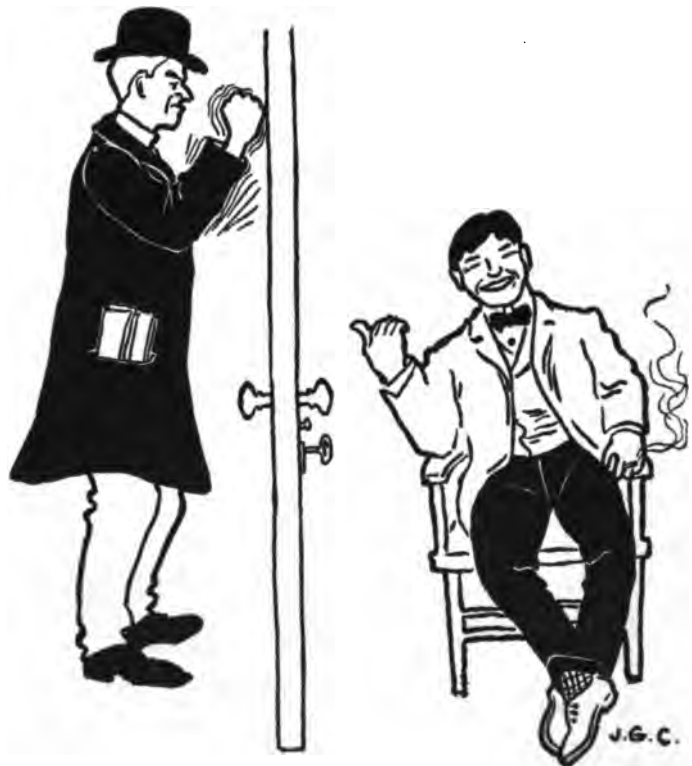
You can't get on without it.





is the Dun,
Impertinent one,
Who, searching for “mon,”
Is tapping the door.

'Tis likewise the Debt
He's trying to get
From me, so I let
Him knock on till he's sore.





is our Crackajack College
Crew ;

There's one queer thing
about it,

You can't get on it with a pull,

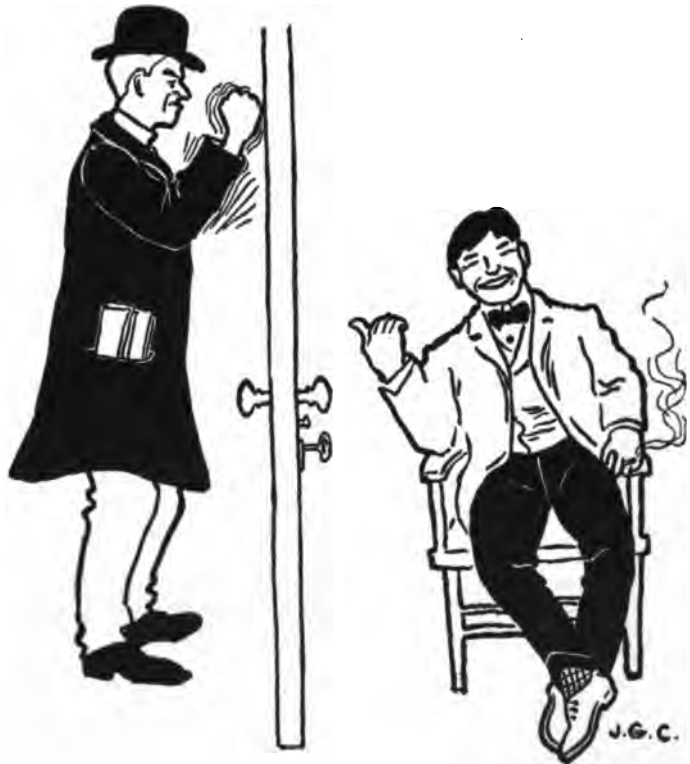
You can't get on without it.





is the Dun,
Impertinent one,
Who, searching for “mon,”
Is tapping the door.

'Tis likewise the Debt
He's trying to get
From me, so I let
Him knock on till he's sore.





is the Etiquette practiced at college,

Elegant etiquette all must acknowledge.

The “Ladies’ Hum Jumble” and “Manners for Gents”

Are the models we follow, as this represents.





is for Foster, who, reeking with
milk,

His hands on the shaker,

In top hat of silk,

Slops drinks for the freshmen

In manner not choice.

However, he's sanctioned,

They say, by the "Voice."





what a Game !

Why the deuce can't we
score ?

It is always the same.

Hully Gee ! what a game !

The half-backs are lame

And the line men are sore.

Gee ! what a game !

Why the deuce can't we score ?





stands for Harvard, New
Haven as well,

Since H stands for Heaven
and likewise for Hell.





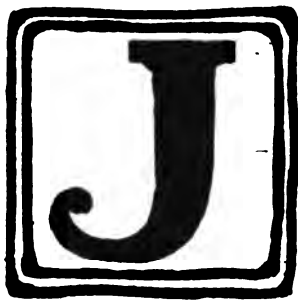
is my Insolvency,

That's what makes me
blue;

Aye, the I I'm eyeing now

Is an I. O. U.





is old John,

Who yet is no Jay ;

He stuck all our dads,

And was old in their day.

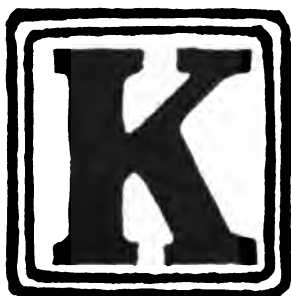
As a rooter and linguist

He's best of all men,

For to him "veritas"

Means "Ter Hill wid Yale, fren'."





is for Kegs

Whose contents and dregs

We drain till our legs

No longer support us.

Like Omar Khayyam,

While we still have a dram

We don't give a damn,

Let the Proctor report us.





stands for Ladies and we stand
for them,

How dismal old Cam-
bridge would be

If Grace wouldn't go to the
ball games with Clem,

And Maud wouldn't go there with me.





M is Memorial,
Transept armorial,
Hall Senatorial,

Food on the bum,
Steaks to be laboured with,
Scrambled eggs flavoured with
Shells, and soup savoured with
Coon waiter's thumb.





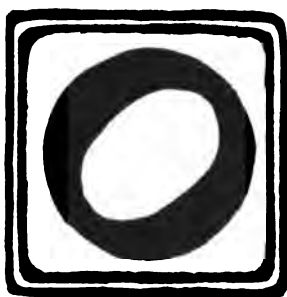
is the Note Book we
carry each day

To while at dull lect-
ures the hours away.

We fill it with pictures,
with verses and jokes,

For we know when we please we can buy
printed notes.





is the College Octopus,

With beard of meerschaum
hue.

Run ! run ! ye little freshmen,

He's reaching after you.

Within his billiard parlor

He'll suck your blood at will,

'Tis not the custom of a fish,

But this one has a bill.





is the Proctor ;

I blush to discuss

The faults and the foibles

Of this horrid cuss ;

He peeks through the keyhole,

He's contemptibly mean,

He rubbers our mail

And reports to the Dean.





is my quarto of Queens,
To choose any one of whom
means
To lose all the rest ;
And so, as you have guessed,
I'll worship them all just as Queens.





is the Rain. I sing

Of the beautiful rain in Spring

That, pouring down hard,

Reduces the yard

To a wet, sloppy, mud-puddled thing.





is my quarto of Queens,
To choose any one of whom
means
To lose all the rest ;
And so, as you have guessed,
I'll worship them all just as Queens.





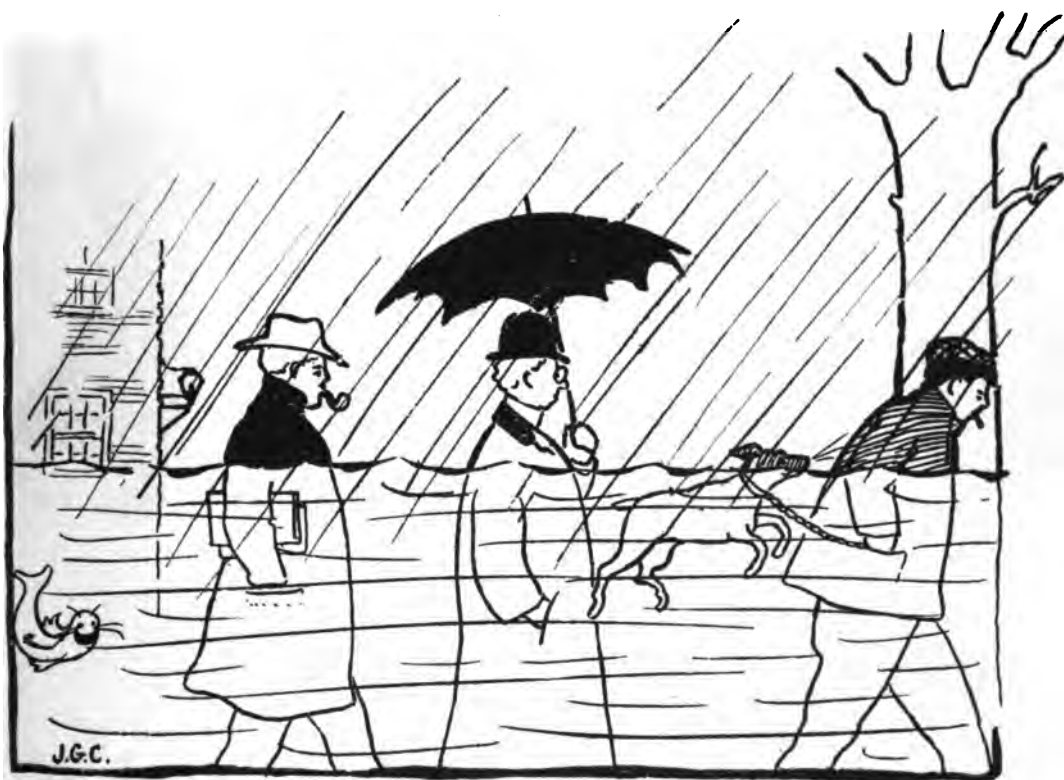
is the Rain. I sing

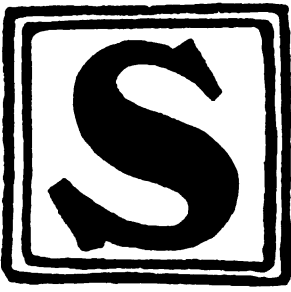
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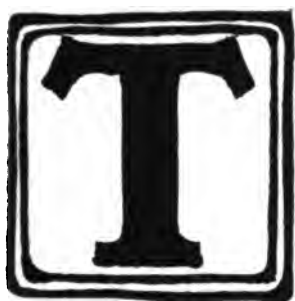


is the Student.

Oh, where can you find
A uselesser body
Or more better mind?

From my fine, frenzied wit
And my verses so quaint
You might think I was one,
But I swear that I ain't.

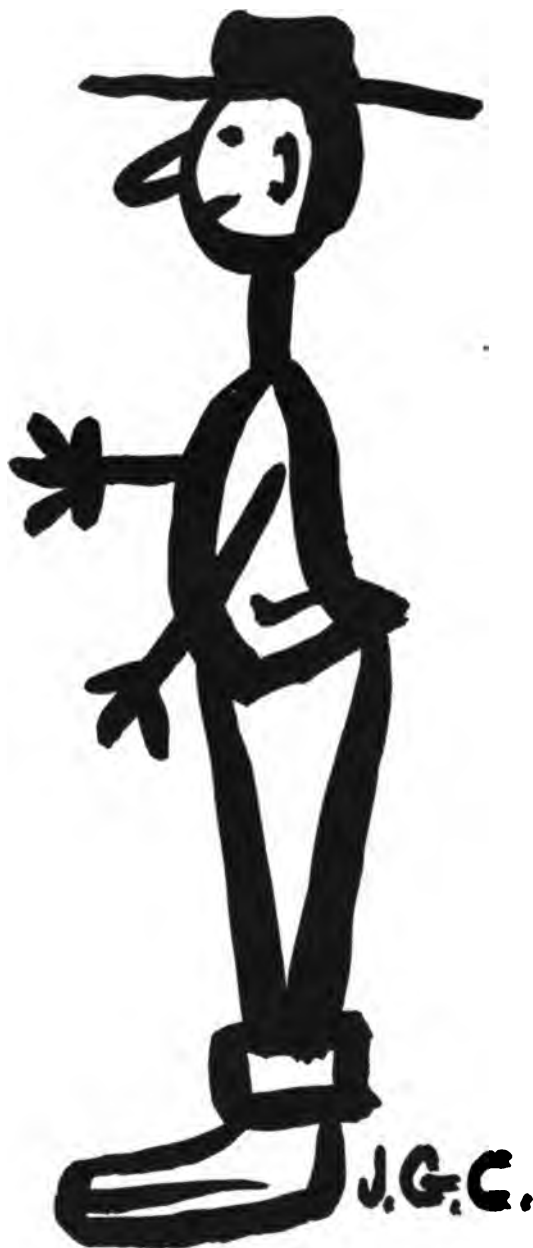




is the Typical Harvard man.

I'd like to describe him,
But nobody
can.

Some call him a
dandy,
Some call him a snob,
Indifferent others,
But judge from this
daub.





is the Urchin so ragged and
torn,

Who loafs on the street from
the day he is born.

The words he learns first show his natural
bent,

They are, "Down wid de Ha'vards" and
"Scramble a cent."





is the welcome Victory

Which lately we have grown
quite used to see.

Let us fall into line

With the class of '99

And vanquish every foe from sea to sea.





stands for the Wisdom of Poco,
Wonderful wisdom of him so
rococo.

For worm-eaten waistcoats and
moth-eaten suits

He will “Giff you a brice dwice as pig ass
old butes.”





is the Xtra we order to eat

When we dine at Memorial
Hall.

There's an Xtra fine soaked
for each order and still

It is not Xtra fine after all.



R.E.



is the Youthful instructor

Who thinks he is something quite swell.

He gives us E Pluses,

On Sunday he fusses,

Oh, my, what a terrible sell.





Is the zeal,
So hard to conceal,
With which we appeal
To "Rooters," when we,
With arm waves ecstatic,
And both cheeks pneumatic,
Cry out so emphatic,
Now boys, One! Two! Three!



. HARVARD.

JAN 7 - 1943

